THE RUGBY NEWS.

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PARING APPLES.

Autumn sunlight gilds her soft white hair,
And lightens o'er her visage mild and sweet;
Through floating vine-leaves falling on her there
And spreading all the floor around her feet,
Red early apples heap an ancient bowl
Leaned deeply in her lap. Bright parings glide
Between her frail deft fingers as they roll
The fruit with dark blade at its pearly side.
Sweet, sweet, its fresh rare smell
From orchard shade and sun,
And grasses where it fell
When its growth was done!

Now her drooped face is all a quiet dream,
Drinking the fragrance of her pleasant toil;
Dropping from other boughs these apples seem
Of olden orchard in another soil.
Each quaint and homely name is in her heart,
Their savor, hue, and how they used to grow
And when they ripened, in what orchard part,
The sweet old apples of the Long Ago.
Sweet! sweet! Hesperides
No fairer fruit could show,
Ah, none so dear as these
Apples of Long Ago!
—Irene Putnam, in Good Housekeeping.

FLOGGING IN RUSSIA.

Some of the Joys of Life in That Country.

How a Peasant in Search of Work Was Sent Home—A Mockery of Justice—A Few Examples of the Whipping Mania.

The advisers of the present Emperor, says a late number of the London Telegraph, have long since come to the conclusion that the emancipation of the serfs was an unpardonable blunder, and some of the most enterprising among them have presented ingenious projects of laws to nullify its most radical clauses. The late Count Tolstoi's plan was at last accepted, creating peasant tutors, called Zemsky Natshalniks, whose duty it is to watch over the peasants, control their acts, judge them or whip them without any trial or judgment, and generally to play the part of policeman, judge, jury, disinterested friend and powerful protector. At first it was hoped that the ranks of the Zemsky Natshalniks might be recruited exclusively from the nobility, but this hope was doomed to disappointment, owing to the circumstance that all the nobles who were qualified for lucrative posts already occupied them, and those who were not did not as a rule possess even the slight qualifications demanded by the new law, viz., had not passed through an establishment of intermediate education. The choice, therefore, fell upon retired army and navy officers and "shelved" tschinovniks, the first batch of whom was let loose upon the country in January, 1890, the second on June 13. The will of these men has thenceforth become the sole substitute for the electoral rights of the peasants, who formerly elected their own judges of the peace, and also, in many cases, for the statute and common law of the land. They were to drill and teach the peasants according to the method followed by Carlyle's Dr. Francia with his beloved Guachos. Knowing that education and instruction as imparted in the schools is an abomination to the authorities, they naturally acted on the salutary principle that what smarts teaches. Their procedure was simplicity itself. "You stole Kaloff's hen? You didn't? I don't believe you. Anyhow, a sound hiding can do you no harm. We have to chastise a good child that it may not become bad as well as a bad one that it may not grow worse.' Give him thirty-five, hot!" Last spring it was stated in the district of a very zealous Zemsky Natshalnik, M. Mordvinoff, that there was scarcely a family that had not one or more members flogged.

The following fact—the truth of which is acknowledged by the entire Russian press—may help to show to what lengths the whipping mania has been carried: One day a peasant, who had left his native village some weeks previously in search of work, was sent home by etape—that is to say, he was arrested and put in prison till a band of convicts, felons and murderers were got together who were going the same way, when he was compelled to join them, and to march for two or three days till they arrived at the next etape prison, a filthy, loathesome shed. Here a halt of a week or ten days would be made, and the march resumed; and so on, until he at last reached his native place. This is the most economical mode of traveling in Russia; technically, it is not a punishment. As a matter of simple fact, it is a horrible ordeal to go through—always worse than imprisonment, and occasionally more terrible than death—but like the bullet-wounds made outside the chalk circle which a diminutive duelist once proposed to draw on the ungainly body of his giant adversary, it does not count. Any respectable man, woman or child in Russia is liable to be sent home by etape. If you lose your money on the road, and have not the wherewithal to patronize a more expeditious mode of locomotion, you are sent home by etape. If the yearly passport of a man who is not residing in his native place is not renewed by the authorities in time, even though the fault be none of his, he is arrested and sent home by etape. If you are a soldier in the army, and, having served at a distance, have received your discharge and a good character, you are frequently sent home by etape. It was thus, therefore, that the ill-starred rustic was restored to his lares and penates as poor as a church mouse, having been robbed of the little ready money he possessed by the scoundrels who were his companions on the road. The Zemsky Natshalnik, earing of his arrival, ordered him what Russians facetiously term a meal of "birch gruel." There was absolutely no motive, real or alleged, for thus adding to the hardships endured by the poor wretch during his marching and imprisonment, unless, indeed, the Scriptural saying were appealed to that Whosoever hath to him shall be given. He was advised by some sympathetic soul to appeal to a higher court, which is composed of a number of Zemsky Natshalniks under the presidency of the Marshal of Nobility. The sentence, however, was confirmed on the ground that it seemed desirable to the court to allow Zemsky Natshalniks the right of punishing peasants for acts that are not forbidden by the law, if the punishment is calculated to do the person some good. "And thus," exclaims the Messenger of Europe, "a miserable laborer, temporarily out of work, can be arrested, sent back to his village, where there is nothing for him to do, and after having been subjected to all the hardships and privations inseparable from a journey by etape, condemned to an additional punishment. And what a punishment! * * * Truly this can not be termed a safeguarding of the law, but rather a palpable mockery of justice."

The Zemsky Natshalnik of Uloma (Government of Nijni-Novgorod) began his administrative activity by forbidding all peasants, irrespective of age or sex, to appear in the streets or roads, or to dance or sing, after eight o'clock p. m.; he likewise strictly prohibited them from visiting each other's dwellings for the purpose of carrying on conversations and discussions, under pain of imprisonment and the lash. The Liberal organs are now asking, in astonishment, whether it can be true that peasants are to be punished with imprisonment and the lash merely for calling upon each other and having a quiet chat. But even when a crime has undoubtedly been committed and the community is interested in the discovery of the criminal, the Zemsky Natshalniks use the lash as indiscriminately as when all are notoriously innocent. In a district of the Government of Tshernigoff, for instance, a peasant complained that his turkey cocks had a disagreeable way of disappearing from his farmyard and from the village generally. He did not know exactly who was committing these depredations on his property, but he suspected a little boy of eleven, who might possibly be aided and abetted by relations who were of an age to know better. The Zemsky Natshalnik at once declared that it would save much time and trouble if the child were flogged till he made a clean breast of it; so he told the peasants to assemble and do their duty. These rude, half-civilized creatures, however, had more scruples about carrying out the sentence than their betters felt in pronouncing it. Hesitating to flog a mere child and afraid to disobey the "Tsar's ambassador," as the Zemsky Natshalniks liked to be called, they compromised the matter by flogging an elder brother of the child. In comparison with this sort of thing, flogging peasants in order to compel them to pay taxes seems a natural, legal and wise procedure. As an instance of how it is done I may quote the following order sent round to the peasants of the Ephremowsky district of the Government of Toola, and published by the "Peterburgskia Vedomosti" a few days ago: "I hereby order the starosts (peasant-elders) to call the peasants together to-morrow, and make known to them that they have got to pay all taxes by Saturday next, and, when I verify the list, all who have not paid will be flogged in presence of the assembly."

Here and there, no doubt, traces of the old spirit are still extant, as was shown a few days ago in the Government of Smolensk, where the peasants, having refused to appear at some meeting, were summoned in a body to the Volost Board, without being enlightened as to the object for which they were wanted. Reluctantly they obeyed, and when the whole seventeen of them were safe in the room of the hut the watchman closed the door, turned the key and put it in his pocket. "Now, what might that mean?" asked one of the mystified rusties. "It means a hot poultice for every mother's son of ye—that's what it means,' was the candid reply; "fifteen piping hot for each of ye, brothers." "It's not lawful to lock the door," protested one. "The sentence should have been read over to us," urged another. "It's dead against the law, brothers, and we won't lie down," cried a third; and so they argued, protested and stormed until they were tired. "Better have it over, brothers," shouted out a stout, burly fellow with a thick skin and no nerves to speak of. The others listened in silence, and at length agreed that he was right. Then arose the important question of precedence. Who was to handle the lash? No one was desirous of the equivocal honor. At last the same wise man solved the question satisfactorily. "It's all one, boys; the first will get no more than the last, so I don't mind if I lie down"—and, suiting the action to the words, he made the necessary alterations in his toilet, lay down like a lamb, and the dolorous operation was begun. Meanwhile a storm-cloud burst over their heads and the rain poured down in torrents. "The scene," we are told, "was highly impressive. In the hut it was pitch dark, and nothing could be heard save the dull thud of the lash, the subdued moan, the wincing and wriggling on the floor, and the vague, inarticulate murmurs of the peasants around. Suddenly a brilliant flash of lightning turns the night into day, revealing the bare back with the red marks made by the rods, the brick-colored, wedge-shaped, shaggy beard of the heaving mass on the ground, the anxious crowd standing closely up against the wall of the room, the vigorous sweep of the lash, the gloomy figure of the elder, and the ironical glance of the secretary. "I won't lie down," exclaimed one of the peasants, "for I am not the owner of a house, and wasn't sent for. My father asked me to come and see what's up.' 'It's all one,' said the practical elder; 'down on your marrow bones and take your father's share. We've no time to wait for him to turn up.' And, seeing that there was no help for it, he lay down and received his father's portion. The operation was not over till daybreak, when they adjourned to the nearest tavern, drowned their sorrows in vodka, and returned home drunk and disorderly, threatening to wreak vengeance on their persecutors."

WALKING FISHES.

Denizens of the Deep Who Imitate Man's Movements.

It may seem absurd to speak of fishes as walking. The flying-fish is well known, but its flight looks much like swimming in the air. We naturally think of fishes as living all the time in water, as being incapable, in fact, of living anywhere else. But nature maintains no hard and fast lines of distinction between animal life which belongs on the land and that which belongs to the water. If we can believe the accounts of naturalists—and there are no grounds for doubting them—there are fishes that traverse dry land and others that walk on the bottom of the sea.

It is reported that Dr. Francis Day, of India, has collected several instances of the migration of fishes by land from one piece of water to another. Layard once met some perch-like fishes traveling along a hot and dusty gravel road at midday. Humboldt saw a species of dorus leaping over the dry ground, supported by its pectoral fins; and he was told of another specimen that had climbed a hillock twenty feet in height.

A French naturalist published in the "Transactions of the Linnæan Society of Normandy," 1842, an account of his observations on the ambulatory movements of the gurnard at the bottom of the sea. He observed these movements in one of the artificial sea-ponds or fishing-traps, surrounded by nets, on the shore of Normandy.

He saw a score of gurnards close their fins against their sides like the wings of a fly in repose, and, without any movement of their tails, walk along the bottom by means of six free rays, three on each pectoral fin, which they placed successively on the ground.

They moved rapidly forward and backward, to the right and left, groping in all directions with these rays, as if in search of small crabs. Their great heads and bodies seemed to throw hardly any weight on the slender rays, or feet, being suspended in water, and having their weight further diminished by their swimming bladders.

When the naturalist moved in the water the fish swam away rapidly to the extremity of the pond; when he stood still they resumed their walking and came between his legs.

On dissection the three anterior rays on each pectoral fin are found to be supported each with a strong muscular apparatus to direct its movements, apart from the muscles that are connected with the smaller rays of the pectoral fin.—Youth's Companion

—How strange that many who know so little of themselves are so able to judge the motives and criticise the actions of others.—Pomeroy.

SWINDLING TAILORS.

Selling "Ready-Made" Suits for Clothing Made to Order.

A system of contemptible swindling is practiced in a few of the tailor shops in the lower part of the city. Some of these shops have gaudily decked windows, showing a great variety of materials skillfully displayed, and have also little glass show cases just outside their doors, in which are garments neatly made and placarded to the effect that such articles are made "to order" at extremely low rates. The price is always attached, and many a man is enticed to enter and have clothing made "to order" by the combined allurements of the made-up article and the cheap price.

A Tribune reporter was a victim the other day. Seeing a coat handsomely made up in a show case, to which was attached a card reading, "Coat and vest to order $16," he entered the store and asked the proprietor if a coat and waistcoat could be made for him to look as well as those in the case, and at the same time fit his form satisfactorily. He was assured that to accomplish this was the easiest matter in the world, whereupon the reporter selected material for a suit to cost, made to order, $24, a little less than half as much as he had been accustomed to pay uptown, but the coat in the showcase did look extremely well. His measure was taken and a few days later he called to try on the coat. It did not fit him at all, but the tailor made several chalk marks on the unfinished garment and said that it would be all right and finished on a certain day. At the trying-on stage the coat was a four-button cutaway.

On the day the suit was to be done the reporter called for it, and proceeded to try on the coat again. It was too loose in the back and the collar did not fit the neck, while the sleeves were too short. "Don't worry, my friend," said the tailor, "it will be all right to-morrow when you come for it, or shall I send my boy home with it, eh?"

The customer said he would call for it the next day, and just then noticed that the coat was a three-button cutaway.

"How is that?" he asked. "This was a four-button coat when I tried it on before."

"You are mistaken, my friend," was the solemn reply, "it was always a three-button coat." On the follow day the reporter called again and found the coat a better fit, but still far from being what a coat "made to order" should be. Wishing to wear the suit that night, he decided to take it, and have any necessary changes made in future. The trousers were no better fit, being too short in the legs. Still he was in a hurry and the tailor promised to make everything right at some future time. Looking the clothes over that night, the reporter found under the fob pocket in the trousers the name of a well-known firm of wholesale manufacturers. A quiet little investigation the next day showed that he had bought a ready-made suit for a considerable advance over the price charged by the retailers of such garments, and pursuing his inquiry, he learned that the tailor he employed as well as many others, do not make clothing to order at all. They keep a line of goods corresponding to the clothes made up by manufacturers for the retailers of ready-made clothing, and when they get a customer, they take his measure and then obtain at a reduced price from the manufacturer, a suit or garment, most nearly corresponding to the measurements. They also have as a "blind" a lot of cloth cut up so that the pieces can be "basted" together to answer for the "trying on" process. If the cloth is not exactly like that ordered, the customer is not likely to detect the difference during the trying on, when the garment looks as much like a coat, for instance, as it does like a night shirt.

As these "fake" custom tailors buy a large number of suits from the manufacturers, they get the clothing cheaply, and thus reap a heavy profit. The garment in the show-case is never duplicated as to fit, and seldom as to quality. There are several such stores downtown, and the young man should ask for references when he gets into one where he is a stranger.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Popular Notion of Liberty.

To do what one likes with one's own, and to have as much as possible of one's own to do what one likes with—that, I take it, is the ideal of life usually set before themselves by those who are commonly accounted men of understanding. That is the liberty wherewith we are made free by the much-boasted civilization of the nineteenth century, which has so largely converted "business" into schemes of gambling called speculation, and into processes of fraud on "the windy side of the law." And if we pass from private life to the public order, the most common and popular notion of the State is that it is a machine for securing person and property, in the unfettered employment of which, at one's own will, liberty is held to reside.—Forum

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The worst thing in the mince pie is the dream.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

—Whether a man falls in debt or in love, the effect is about the same.—Atchison Globe.

—"Everything"—including dry rot and old age—"comes to him who waits."—N. Y. Picayune.

—One man may start a paper, but it takes a good many to keep it going.—Texas Siftings.

—The average wife hates to ask her husband for money, and in most cases he hates to have her.—Somerville Journal.

—Johnson—"And so Jimson has gone to his reward?" Brohson—"Yes, poor fellow, I'm afraid he has."—N. Y. Herald.

—Ask any woman what is a woman's most interesting age, and she will come very near telling you how old she is.—Atchison Globe.

—"Did he enjoy himself?" "Tremendously." "Made himself at home, eh?" "No; made himself away from home. That's how he came to have a good time."—Harper's Bazar.

—A mule would rather hear himself bray than to listen to anybody else's music. A good many people are built like him.—Ram's Horn.

—Harry—"Your remarks, Miss Jennie, are so spiced with wit that they quite take my breath away." Jennie—"I'm glad of that, for your efforts with cloves have been flat failures?"—N. Y. Herald.

—Encouraging Him.—Nellie—"You're a timid sort of a fellow, are you not, William?" William—"Not particularly, I guess. Why?" Nellie—"Jennie said you were afraid to kiss a girl."—Boston Herald.

—Amy (with a broken engagement, to Mary, about to be married)—"My dear girl, do not make the mistake that I did with my Charlie. Don't ask George to eat any of your cooking until after you are married."—N. Y. Herald.

—"I've been offahed $5,000 if I'd w'ite a book on sassiety," said Rhinelander de Pell. "Why don't you do it, deah boy?" "My fawther said he'd give me $6,000 if I wouldn't, don't you know."—Harper's Bazar.

—"Get me a paper-cutter, Elinor, and I'll give you five cents." "But you can't." "Why not, dearie?" "O, I heard mamma say that if you had any sense you wouldn't have stayed to dinner on wash day."—Jester.

—A woman in Arizona recently killed a wild cat with a broom, and yet man with all his wisdom and philosophy has never been able to kill the tamest kind of a tommy with an iron bookjack.—Ram's Horn.

—Gay—"I feel like a new man to-day." Bright—"Do you? Glad to hear it. Perhaps you can see your way clear to pay that little bill." Gay—"I'm a new man, I told you. You can't expect me to assume the liabilities of the old concern."—Boston Transcript.

—In the Matrimonial Office.—"Well, here is a phot graph of the lady whom I have described to you." "But, my dear sir, according to this picture the lady is much older than you gave me any reason to believe." "O, I assure that is a very old photograph.—Fliegende Blatter.

—Little boy (picking raspberries)—"I say, ma, have some raspberries got legs?" Ma—Why, of course not, my child; why do you ask such a foolish question?" Little Boy—"If raspberries haven't got any legs then I swallowed a bug; that's all."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SOLD FOR A MATCH.

The Villainous Trick Played by Some Lazy Campers.

Last season, up at Mt. Shasta, the guests sitting on the hotel porch descried an immense elk standing composedly on the high trail, about two thousand feet above their heads. Bucks were scarce enough, but an elk!

Instantly eight enthusiastic sportsmen seized their Winchesters and began the ascent. Up the terrible grade they climbed, with the thermometer at ninety-one degrees, until they reached the top. As the foremost crept breathlessly into the trail he met a man placidly chewing the stem of an unlighted pipe.

"Did—did you see—see the way that elk went?" panted the climber.

The man pointed to where a group of campers-out were unstrapping a pair of old buck antlers from the head of a mule.

"You see," said the man with the pipe, blandly, "we discovered just now that we hadn't a single match left in camp, so as it was a leetle hot to go clear down below we thought that perhaps if we could decoy some of you fellows up here, as it were, you might have enough in your pockets to see us through—don't you see?"

And if the sportsmen hadn't all been too tired to breathe they would have slaughtered him on the spot.—Cottage Hearth."